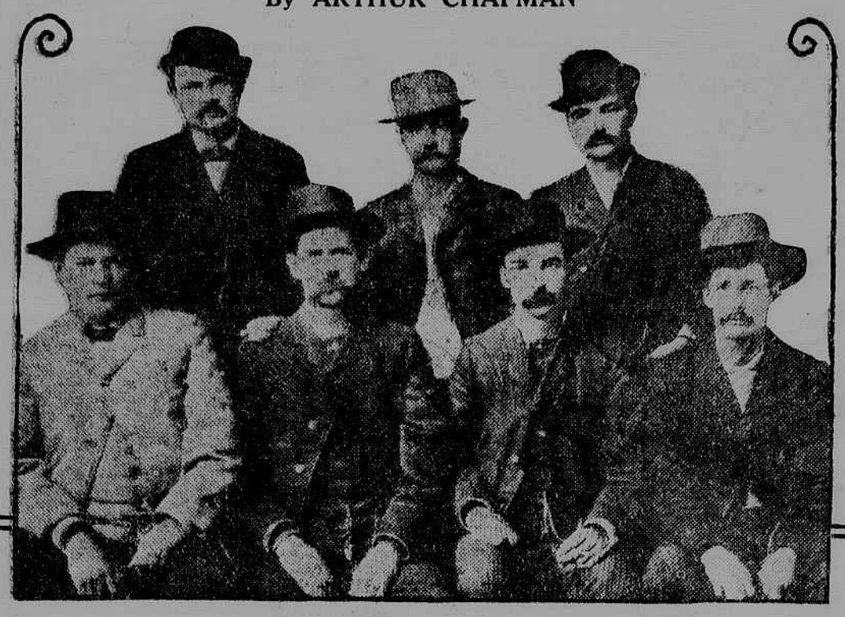
LIVELY DAYS IN DODGE WITH BAT MASTERSON

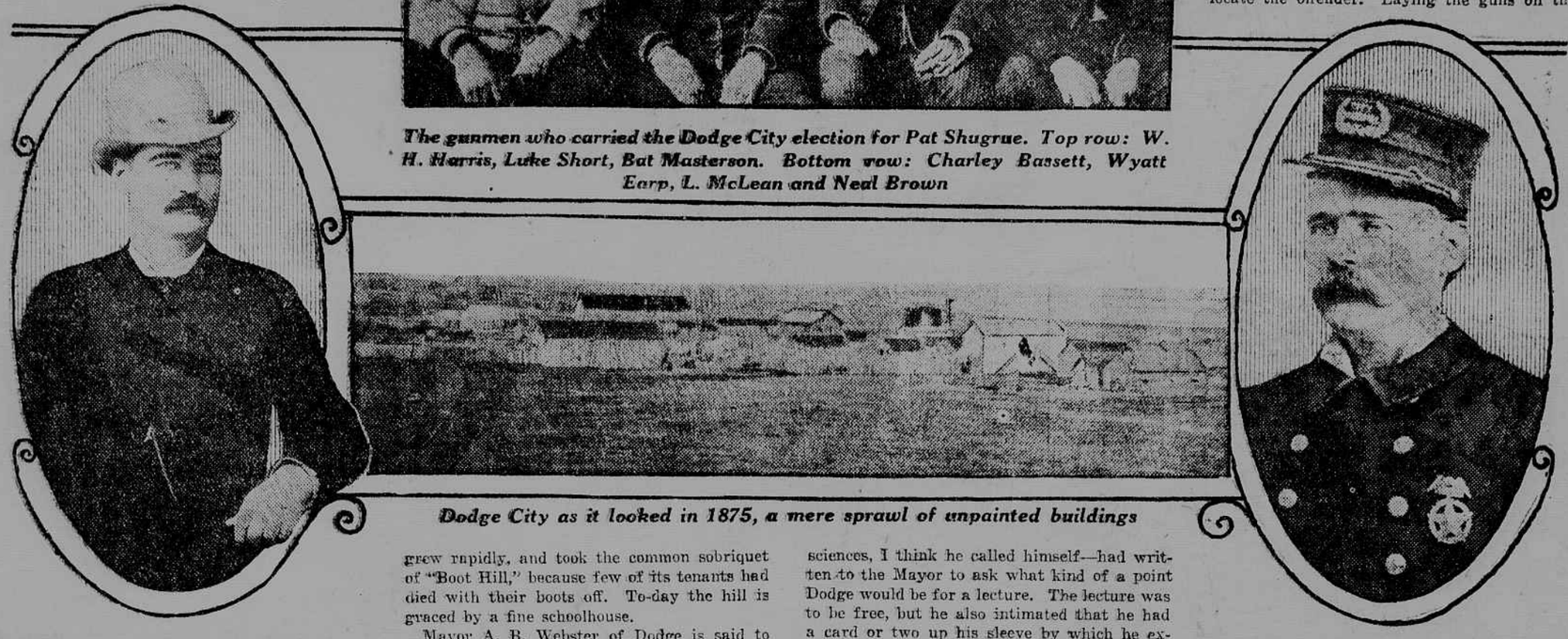
The Death of "Bat" Recalls His Career in the Little Kansas Town, Where History Was Written With the Six-Shooter and Where New Epitaphs Were Required for "Boot Hill," the Appropriately Named Town Cemetery, Every Day

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Adventurous Career of the New York Deputy United States Marshal and Editor, Who Started Life as a Buffalo Hunter and Fought When a Mere Boy in the Battle of Adobe Walls, One of the Classics of Warfare in the West



The gunmen who carried the Dodge City election for Pat Shugrue. Top row: W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson. Bottom row: Charley Bassett, Wyatt Earp, L. McLean and Neal Brown



Dodge City as it looked in 1875, a mere sprawl of unpainted buildings

"Bat" Masterson as he appeared when he had to hold down the lid in Dodge

Ben Thompson, a celebrated gunman who made an efficient marshal

THE death of William Barclay Masterson at his desk in the office of "The Morning Telegraph" a few days ago has served to recall memories of Dodge City, Kan., where "Bat," as he was generally called, was a leading figure.

In the 70's the principal cattle trail from Texas ended at Dodge City. The livestock that was trailed from the Texas ranges was shipped East by rail from Dodge. The big cattle outfits brought in their trail herds, and the cowboys who had chaperoned the beef steers over the long and arduous way proceeded to have as good a time as the law permitted—and sometimes better. Making them stay within the limits of the law became a matter that called for the appointment of good men and true shooters to the office of Sheriff of Ford County. The cowboys were always armed, and they were reckless. They were not inclined to look with favor upon any man who attempted to limit their hilarity.

"Bat" Masterson and his brother Ed were among those present in Dodge in the most stirring times of that settlement. It took a man with a reputation for fearlessness to be Sheriff of Ford County, in which the cow town was located. Ed Masterson was one of the best men who held that post of danger. Others whose names ranked with those of the Masterson boys in the town's annals at that time were Wyatt Earp, Luke Short, Charley Bassett, Pat Shugrue, George Gooddell, Ben Daniels, Mayor A. B. Webster, Ben Thompson, "Mysterious Dave" Mather, Neal Brown and W. H. Harris. The Earp family, in particular, was famous for its gun-fighting ability. "Wild Bill" Hickok at one time lent his prowess brilliantly to the post of marshal.

The term gunfighter is badly misused by many. One is apt to picture a swaggering bad man, of the motion picture type, eager to shed blood and not much caring whether it happens to be the blood of the guilty or the innocent. But most of these gunfighters of Dodge earned their laurels in the interests of law and order. Ed Masterson, young, alert and unflinching in his determination to enforce the law as Sheriff, was killed because he requested a party of cowboys to give up their guns as they entered a Dodge City dance hall.

"Bat" Masterson quickly avenged his brother's death. The brothers were never far apart, and after Ed took the oath of office "Bat" made it a point to be on hand at all hours of the day or night, to be of assistance if necessary. "Bat" could not prevent his brother's death, but he killed one of the cowboys and wounded several others as they fled from town. It is said that with Ed's death his brother's heart broke. At any rate he was never the same man afterward, and much of his taciturnity in later years was ascribed to the death of the man who stood closer to him than any other individual.

After the death of Ed Masterson the office passed to several others within a short space of time. "Bat" himself held the office for a while, and Dodge City was never better than under his rule. Also he was an effective marshal.

One of the most celebrated characters to assume the Sheriff's badge was a little blacksmith named Pat Shugrue. Pat was short of stature, but known to be game. His usual method of procedure was to walk up to a hilarious cowboy and say:

"Young feller, consider yourself under arrist."

Generally the cowboy considered himself that way, but if he showed the slightest indication of resistance he was clasped in the blacksmith's iron embrace and relieved of his weapons before he had time to draw.

So strict was Pat Shugrue in hewing to the line of duty that the liberal element in Dodge City became restless under the pressure of the lid. Pat was up for re-election, and word went out that he was to be beaten, by fair means or foul.

"Bat" Masterson heard the rumors that were rife on Front Street, which was Dodge's Broadway, and he decided that the town could not afford to let so good a man as Pat be beaten. So he sent out word regarding the political crisis in Dodge and on Election Day he had assembled a coterie of gunfighters ready to uphold law and order. Wyatt Earp came up from the Southwest to help his friends, Pat and "Bat." There were Charley Bassett, Luke Short, Neal Brown and others, including "Bat" himself—all ready to nip in the bud anything that looked like an attempt to "count out" Pat Shugrue. The little blacksmith went back into office in triumph, as the formidable body of gunfighters overawed those who had political trickery in mind.

At the time "Bat" held down the posts of sheriff and marshal at Dodge, Front Street, which was divided by the Santa Fé tracks, was lined with saloons and gambling houses. Many professional gamblers had come to Dodge City to prey on the cowpunchers, who generally were paid off on reaching the end of the trail and who were generally "cleaned out" in a few hours, or, at the most, a few days. Fights were many, and they were all for blood. The burying ground near the edge of the town grew rapidly, and took the common sobriquet of "Boot Hill," because few of its tenants had died with their boots off. To-day the hill is graced by a fine schoolhouse.

Mayor A. B. Webster of Dodge is said to have been the only man who ever disarmed "Bat" Masterson. The Mayor kept a general store in Dodge. He was a quiet, peace-loving citizen. In fact, he loved peace to such an extent that he was willing to fight for it upon occasion. It is related of him that a brawling cowboy, with several homicides to his credit, came into the Mayor's store with the avowed intention of shooting up that official. Mayor Webster was at the time weighing out some sugar for a customer. Asking his patron to excuse him for a moment, the Mayor turned to a drawer, produced a gun of sizable character and shot the cowboy dead.

When the Mayor disarmed "Bat" the latter individual had come all the way from Tombstone, Ariz., to have matters out with a gunman who had come off first best in a quarrel with a younger brother, Jim Masterson. "Bat" and the gunman blazed at each other when they met in Front Street, but before either had been wounded Mayor Webster arrived on the scene and commanded them to desist. Then the Mayor walked up to each contestant in turn and took their guns away, with a few remarks about the impropriety of violating the peaceful atmosphere of a town that had reformed its wild ways and had set out to be the quietest place in Kansas.

One of the best stories of the days when "Bat" was marshal of Dodge is related as follows by Andy Adams in "The Log of a Cowboy," which is a first-hand recital of life on the cattle trail from Texas.

"Some professor—a professor in the occult sciences, I think he called himself—had written to the Mayor to ask what kind of a point Dodge would be for a lecture. The lecture was to be free, but he also intimated that he had a card or two up his sleeve by which he expected to graft some of the coin of the wayfaring man as well as the citizen. The Mayor turned the letter over to 'Bat' Masterson, the marshal, who answered it and invited the professor to come on, assuring him that he was deeply interested in the occult sciences and would take pleasure in securing him a hall and a date, besides announcing his coming.

"Well, he was billed to deliver his lecture last night. Those old long-horns, McNulta and Lowell, got us in with that crowd, and while they didn't know exactly what was coming they assured us we couldn't afford to miss it. At the appointed hour the hall was packed, not more than half being able to find seats. It is safe to say that there were five hundred men present, it having been announced for 'men only.' Every gambler in town was there, with a fair sprinkling of cowmen and our tribe.

"At the appointed hour Masterson rapped for order as chairman, and in a neat little speech announced the object of the meeting. 'Bat mentioned the lack of interest in the West in the higher arts and sciences, and bespoke our careful attention to the subject under consideration for the evening. He said he felt it hardly necessary to urge the importance of good order, but if any one had come out of idle curiosity or bent on mischief, as chairman of the meeting and a peace officer of the city he would brook no interruption. After a few other appropriate remarks he introduced the speaker as Dr. J. Graves-Brown, the noted scientist.

"The professor was an oily-tongued fellow and led off on a prelude to his lecture, while the audience was as quiet as mice and as grave as owls. After he had spoken about five minutes and was getting warmed up to his subject he made an assertion which sounded a little fishy, and some one back in the audience blurted out: 'That's a damned lie.' The speaker halted in his discourse and looked at Masterson, who arose, and drawing two six-shooters looked the audience over as if trying to locate the offender. Laying the guns on the table, he informed the meeting that another interruption would cost the offender his life, if he had to follow him to the Rio Grande or the British possessions. He then asked the professor, as there would be no further interruptions, to proceed with his lecture.

"The professor hesitated about going on, when Masterson assured him that it was evident that his audience, with the exception of one skulking coyote, was deeply interested in the subject, but that no one man could interfere with the freedom of speech in Dodge City as long as it was a free country and he was marshal. After this little talk the speaker braced up and launched out again on his lecture. When he was once more under headway he had occasion to relate something about an exhibition which he had witnessed while studying his profession in India. The incident related was a trifle rank for any one to swallow raw, when the same party who had interrupted before sang out: 'That's another damned lie.'

"Masterson came to his feet like a flash, a gun in each hand, saying: 'Stand up, you measly skunk, so I can see you.' Half a dozen rose in different parts of the house and cut loose at him, and as they did so the lights went out and the room was filled with smoke. Masterson was blazing away with two guns, which so lighted up the room that we could see the professor crouching under the table. Of course, they were using blank cartridges, but the audience raised the long yell and poured out through the windows and doors, and the lecture was over. A couple of police came later, so McNulta said, and escorted the professor to his room in the hotel, and advised him that Dodge was hardly capable of appreciating anything so advanced as a lecture on the occult sciences."

"Bat" Masterson went to Kansas when he was a mere boy and for a while was a hide hunter. Buffaloes were being slain by thousands on the plains of Kansas and in the Panhandle of Texas. The business of hide hunting lasted only a few years. The buffalo hunters lived a hard, adventurous life and were in constant danger from attack by Indians.

While at Adobe Walls, a collection of adobe buildings, the origin of which is a mystery—some claiming that they were built by the early Spaniards, who roamed through the Panhandle into Kansas—Masterson and other hide hunters were besieged by Indians. The story of the defense of Adobe Walls—or Dobe Walls, as it is generally known—is one of the Western classics, ranking as a saga with the story of the defense of the Alamo and the fight of Forsyth's scouts against the allied Indians at Beecher Island, on the Colorado-Kansas line.

The hide hunters and the men who conducted the general store at Adobe Walls put up an unexpectedly strong defense. It is said that the Indians had been advised by their medicine man that no one except the store people were present at the trading post. Consequently when the hide hunters, roused from their sleep early in the morning, fired volley after volley upon the advancing Indians, there were surprise and consternation in the ranks of the attackers. The hide hunters were of necessity all crack shots, as one could not afford to waste ammunition firing at buffaloes, which were likely to attack their human foes when wounded. Every shot against the Indians found its mark, and after a long and determined siege the redskins finally withdrew, carrying with them a large proportion of their number, wounded or dead. It is said that they were so enraged at the false information given them by their medicine man that the unfortunate prophet was killed.

For years "Bat" Masterson was a prominent figure in the West. He was marshal in Leadville when that mining camp was new and when it required a man of nerve to hold the job. Also he was a peace officer in Trinidad, Colo., which knew its wild days. He became interested in the promotion of boxing matches and ran a fight club in Denver late in the 90's. He was appointed Deputy United States Marshal in New York City in 1905. In later years he wrote sporting comment for "The Morning Telegraph," and he wrote as he shot—straight to the mark.

One of the most celebrated gun fighters of "Bat" Masterson's day was Ben. Thompson. Ben, like many others, came to the marshalship after he had proved his skill in combat. In fact, they were not given to trying out amateurs in such jobs anywhere in the West in those times. Ben migrated to Austin, where he became marshal, and was called upon to slay many men in the course of his duty. Finally, his foes banded together and, catching Ben unawares in a theater, literally riddled him with bullets.

AUCTION BRIDGE----PLAYER'S SCHOOL

By R. F. FOSTER

Author of Foster on Auction, Auction Made Easy, Foster's Complete Hoyle, Etc.

THERE are many players who profess to find no trouble with the original or free bid who still find some difficulty in knowing just what constitutes strength enough for a forced bid.

A forced bid is one that is necessary to overcall a previous bid, as distinguished from one that is made as an original call. Take the case of the second hand. The cards he holds are not such that he would bid on them if he were dealer, but when the dealer makes a declaration it is up to the second hand to put up some kind of a fight or lie down and let the adversaries walk over him.

What justifies a bid in such a position? The answer depends on due consideration of the fact that the partner, if he is a good player, will not credit the bid for being as good as a free bid, even if it happens to be so. Then, as long as the partner is not going to be deceived, it is clearly allowable to make such a bid on the strength that he will credit it with, let us say, a trick weaker than a free bid.

If free bids are to be made on four tricks we get three tricks as the value of a forced bid. The point to be kept in mind is that these three tricks are to be counted in the high cards only—not on what the hand is worth under the limitation that a named suit must be the trump. The count is what the hand has to offer as assistance for a better bid, if the partner has one.

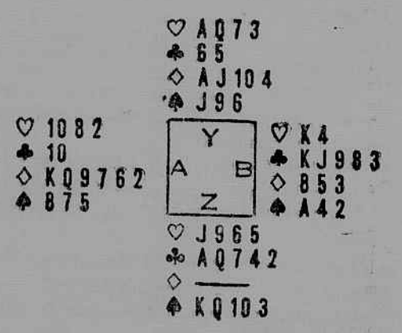
Counting aces as two each, kings as one and a king-queen suit as good as an ace and so forth, as previously explained in these articles, it should be an easy matter to count up any hand with a view to determining its value for a forced bid.

There are two common fallacies that lead many persons astray in their estimate of a hand for bidding purposes. One is that they must show their partners what they have. The other is that six or seven trumps and a singleton are good for about five tricks, the truth being that they are not trumps until the bidding is finished, but only seven cards of one suit and nothing in another.

Below is an example of the mistake of making a forced bid on cards that do not justify it, combined with the common error of taking the adversaries out of a contract in which they cannot go game, for if they can go game it is a waste of breath to bid against them.

Z dealt and bid a club. His hand, counted on modern methods, is good for four or five tricks. A, under the impression that he must show his partner what he has and that a singleton and six trumps is a pretty strong hand, bids a diamond. Counted by the modern rule, his hand is worth two tricks only and the singleton is an element of weakness—not of strength.

A bid in A's position is strictly a defensive bid—to keep the adversaries from getting the contract too cheaply and also to encourage the partner to get into the scrap. When bids are made on such cards as A's they lead the partner into trouble.



Now, look at the difference this bid of A's made in the play of this hand. When A passed the club bid Y went no trump, but all he could make was two-odd, because in clearing his hearts with the finesse he let B clear his clubs and echo in spades.

As it was, when A bid the diamonds Y passed, and it was B that went no-trumps, counting on A for something worth while in diamonds to justify taking the opponents out of a minor suit. To frighten A back into diamonds, Y doubled, but the no-trumper stayed in.

With three honors in spades, Z started with the king. Y played the encouraging nine, to show the honor. When B led the diamond Z discarded a club and Y led the club through B, Z winning with the queen and making three spade tricks, Y discarding the small diamond.

On the small heart lead Y played the ace and established the ten of diamonds by leading the jack. With no re-entry, dummy might as well lead another diamond, but the only remaining trick for B was the king of hearts, so that he was set 500 points, all through the false hopes held out by A's unjustifiable second hand bid.

Here is the solution of problem No. 78, in which there were no trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win five tricks:

Z starts with the club nine and Y wins, returning the diamond queen, which A wins. If A now leads a small heart Y discards a diamond; Z wins and leads a diamond, Y shedding the club ten. Z now puts B in with a club and Y makes two spades.

If, instead of the heart A leads a spade, Y covers, and Z discards a heart. If B wins the spade and leads a diamond, Z wins and leads heart queen, Y shedding a spade, and Z makes a heart, Y a club and spade or two spades and a club. If B ducks A's spade lead, Y's cover holds and he leads a diamond, allowing Z to lead the heart queen, Y discarding a spade. When A leads the spade again Y covers again. Now B wins and loses a club and spade at the end.

Queries and Answers

AUCTION BRIDGE

Question—Is it true that the new rules for auction give imperial clubs as worth 11 a trick? If so, what do the honors count?—J. A. C.

Answer—Imperial clubs at 11 a trick, under the proviso that there shall be at least four honors in one hand, is simply a freak call introduced by some players to give variety to the game, but it is as much an outlaw as the wild widow at poker.

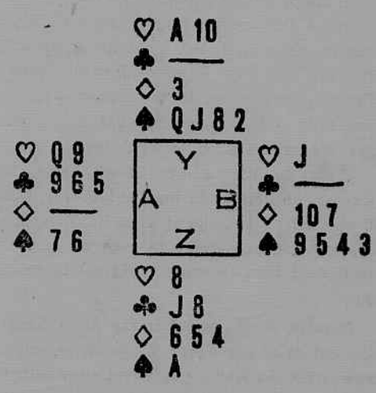
Question—Dealer passes. Second hand bids no-trump. When it gets round to the dealer again he bids two diamonds and the second hand two no-trumps, which all pass. What should be the lead from this hand? Hearts, jack and two small; clubs, ace and queen; diamonds, ten and two small, and five spades to king, queen, ten.—C. B. J.

Answer—The spade king. The deferred diamond call indicates length only, and the repetition of the no-trump bid shows the declarer is not afraid of diamonds. The usual rule is not to lead to a secondary bid unless there are two honors in the suit. This differs from a fourth hand ask for a lead, as the bidder has already passed up a chance for a free bid.

Question—Z deals and bids no-trump. A passes and Y says two spades. B passes and Z says two no-trump. A passes and Y bids three hearts, holding five spades to the ace, queen; five hearts to the queen nine; ace, ten small in diamonds; no clubs. The dealer then calls three spades, but bets he should have been left in on his no-trumper. He held three hearts to the ace, three spades to jack-ten, queen-jack small in diamonds, ace, jack and two small clubs.—F. A. A.

Answer—It is invariably correct to take out a no-trumper with a two-suited, especially when both the suits are major. The declarer should have passed up the spade take-out in the first place. The return to no-trumps denies any assistance for the spades, whereas the dealer holds two honors.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 79



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want six tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

POKER

Question—On the call A shows a straight, ace to five, while B shows a straight, nine to king. Which wins? A bets he is ace high as against king high.—L. W.

Answer—A straight runs from the smallest card to the highest. A's straight is five high, as against B's king high. When the ace is used to fill out a run below the deuce it is no longer higher than a king.

Question—Two players are spading out for a dollar a throw. In drawing cards one of those given to A is accidentally turned over by the dealer It is the spade king. A bets that card goes for the high spade, although he cannot take it for the betting on the pot.—L. M. B.

Answer—A is in error, as the high spade must be decided by the cards in the player's hand, and the spade king was never a part of A's hand.

RUSSIAN BANK

Question—There are a great many plays made in rapid succession by A, who finally places his finger on the eight of hearts, which can be played on the nine of clubs, but at the same time the spade seven has been uncovered and could go on the foundation. B calls a stop. A bets it is not a stop until he moves the eight of hearts.—G. L. P.

Answer—B is correct. The act of placing the fingers on a card which is not playable on the foundations, while there is another card that is so playable, establishes the stop.

CRIBBAGE

Question—Two cards are turned up for the starter. Must it be the higher?—Mrs. C.

Answer—If the dealer made the error, the non-dealer can take his choice for the starter.